Ann Howard
SIOP President 1988-1989

MY PLACE IN TIME

I did not intend to have a career in Industrial-Organizational psychology. I did not intend to have a career. American values of the 1950s molded my world view and circumscribed my role to marriage and children - nothing more, nothing less. By 1950s mores, I failed. I am redeemed in the 1990s, but my career plodded hesitantly along the way.

Salisbury: The Frog and the Lemming

From conception to high school graduation, I lived in the same long-windowed, white frame house near the center of Salisbury, Maryland -- a town of about 18,000 on Maryland's Eastern Shore, tucked between the Chesapeake Bay and the Atlantic Ocean. My arrival on earth coincided with Hitler's first forays to conquer it. I retain only memory slices of World War II: dousing the lights and popping corn in the fireplace during air raids, collecting savings stamps wrapped in cellophane like stiff corsages, being named on savings bonds, two of which remain keepsakes. Fortunately for my family, my father was not summoned for the war effort; as a physician (then practicing eye, ear, nose, and throat), he was designated essential for the community.

By the time I entered North Salisbury Elementary School, the Allies had defeated the Axis, and exhausted Americans had canonized the family. Salisbury was peaceful and safe; we kept our front door unlocked. Access from Baltimore and Washington was slowed by ferry travel (before the Chesapeake Bay Bridge was constructed), leaving the Eastern Shore isolated and untrammeled. With flat, arable land and ample waterways, it was home to blue crabs, beefsteak tomatoes, and butter beans.

I was the middle of three sisters, but we were spaced so widely apart (one sister 10 years older, the other 7 years younger) that our mother referred to us as her three only children. The spacing probably helped us to develop our individuality, for we are quite different.

My older sister was the trend-setter and the aesthete. She was intrigued by foreign cultures: she majored in Spanish in college and mastered several other languages, lived abroad for 10 years with a husband in international business, and later became a travel agent. She adored classical music and the ballet, and in this regard, I followed in her footsteps.

Piano lessons occupied me from age 8 through high school. Ballet lessons began even earlier, when I was 2, springing from my imitations of my sister's workouts at the barre. She, at 12, used the mantle for such purposes, while I grasped the back of a tiny chair that accompanied a telephone table. We were ably instructed by La Nada Mitchell, formerly of the Ballet Russe. I performed in my first ballet recital, in pink tutu and diminutive ballet slippers, at age 3. I forgot my dance in the middle, but following La Nada's instructions, skipped around the stage until it came back to me with the ending chords. (I finally understood this phenomenon when a psychology class introduced me to primacy and recency effects.) My dancing expanded into toe, tap, acrobatics, and choreography, continuing into adolescence. It brought the pleasure of self-expression and feelings of achievement; I was the premiere danseuse of Salisbury, Maryland in my teens, a pirouetting frog in a very small pond. For a while I considered teaching ballet as a premarriage occupation.

Whereas my older sister was the aesthete, my younger sister excelled as an athlete. Although I played softball in elementary school and basketball in high school, I was never as capable as my younger sister in athletics nor as musically and linguistically gifted as my older sister. My realm of achievement was to be scholarship.

My academic interests began in Miss Herald's kindergarten, where I learned the three R's and how to play the xylophone. Afterwards, the first grade was a bore, and a concerned principal convinced my parents to advance me immediately into the second grade. After a few months of adjustment I moved to the top of the class, where I stayed until I was pronounced valedictorian at my high school graduation.

Skipping a grade meant that until adolescence I was always one of the smallest in the class. I also earned a reputation as a "brain," a decidedly pejorative term. Being both a brain and a girl was, in the 1950s, an oxymoron that wrought embarrassment before peers. I concealed my grades on papers and report cards, but few were fooled. When I was a senior in high school, the trigonometry teacher publicly chastised the boys (85% of the class, which most girls shunned), because a girl (I) had earned the top grade. That more than any other moment convinced me to attend a college restricted to women -- Goucher College in Baltimore. I could get all the A's I could muster there and the boys would never know the difference. Unfortunately, this also crimped the social side of college life, which was problematic if marriage and family represented the ultimate goal.

Despite negative reinforcements for scholarship, I kept flying in the currents of achievement like a lemming headed over a cliff. My compulsion was less likely instinctual than learned from two achieving parents. My father's original career was teaching high school math and science in Delmar, Maryland, where he met and married a student, my mother. Her father's optometry practice inspired his new profession. Realizing he could not be satisfied without full understanding of the functioning of the human eye, he struggled, with a wife and daughter in tow, through medical school, two years of internship, and three years of residency before settling down to his medical practice in Salisbury.

My mother's occupation was, properly, homemaker, yet she was also a community activist. Among other accomplishments, she launched two businesses - a gift and coffee shop on behalf of the Junior Board of the local hospital, and a thrift shop under the auspices of the women's guild of the Methodist Church. She was a woman of multiple interests who introduced her daughters to music, dancing, drama, and art. An avid reader, she had a keen car for language and was our ultimate authority on sentence structure and grammar. She complained that I went too far in absorbing this interest ("Ann always has her head in a book"), but I could not resist the public library at the end of our street.

My father overtly encouraged his daughters to achieve in school and persistently drilled us on arithmetic problems, typically at the dinner table after our meal. Recognizing that I had a knack for math, he was particularly encouraging to me, often suggesting I might become a math teacher. Even though he was raising daughters for their traditional roles, he advocated mastering a just-in-case trade. During those years the major professions truly open to women were teaching and nursing; thus, my older sister taught Spanish before marriage, and my younger sister became a nurse. I couldn't stomach either profession.

Baltimore and Philadelphia: From Robot to Voyeur

I began Goucher College intending to follow my father's advice and major in math. Yet analytic geometry and calculus seemed terribly abstract. Like a robot, I was learning tools but the content was void. I next tried economics, where I became engrossed in capitalism vs. communism and the workings of business. Economics was not a popular major among 1950s women; in fact, the only other major in my class was Flora Fenner, daughter of the partner in what was then Merrill, Lynch, Pierce, Fenner, and Smith. With a faculty dominated by a heavily accented and distant German professor, Goucher's economics department failed to sustain my interest. I deserted Flora and changed my major to psychology.

I was enthralled by psychology in all its aspects, whether conditioning a rat or visiting the back wards of a mental hospital. Math, economics, and psychology all ushered the way to industrial psychology, but Goucher offered no faculty expertise nor introductory course in the area. My advisor, Sonia Osler, encouraged me to apply to graduate school, but I feared obtaining a doctorate would be social suicide. That she and the other women professors might be quite comfortable with their degrees and lives was beyond my sensitivities. I could never have imagined that I would I would return to Goucher 28 years later to receive an honorary degree.

I fell in love the summer after college graduation, but because my intended was in graduate school, I needed that just-in-case trade. Still intrigued by business and wanting to apply psychology, I sought employment in a personnel department in private industry. My mother's cousin, Howard Miller, was a personnel manager for DuPont, and he arranged several interviews. I accepted my first job at the Insurance

Company of North America (INA, now CIGNA) in Philadelphia. It was 1960, and my salary was $4,000 a year.

I assumed a newly created position as administrative assistant to the Director of Personnel Administration, who supervised the personnel managers in the regional offices. The Director, Roy Kern, was a stocky, authoritative man who commanded respect in the company, despite being more intellectual and remote than the typical businessman. He took a liking to me and served as my guide to the inner workings of a personnel department. My job combined research, primarily with standard attitude surveys, with some post-employment and exit interviewing. I also became a communications link with the regional offices, including creating and editing a newsletter. Although I wasn't a central player in the department, I drew vicarious satisfaction from my role as voyeur.

The company was openly restrictive about women's work activities. In the employment offices, women were permitted to interview and screen only clerks and nonexempt staff. I conducted research on a personality instrument for two years before I was permitted to attend the week-long training course in its interpretation. The company sent men from the department in their first few months on the job, but sending a woman was almost unprecedented. I was, of course, on a track to nowhere. "Too bad you're a woman," remarked Mr. Kern, not without empathy, "You have potential." I did not complain. I had been too well indoctrinated to think matters should be otherwise, and it was foolish to get ambitious about a just-in-case career.

The collapse of my romance left me with no marriage and a going nowhere job. It was time for adventure. After four years in Philadelphia, I packed my belongings and drove to San Francisco, where I joined some friends I had met on a tour of Western Europe the summer of my junior year in college. My 3 1/2 years there led to a showdown between my traditional aspirations and the siren call of a career in industrial psychology.

San Francisco: Fred Astaire and the Hippies

My first job in San Francisco was in the Personnel Department of the Bank of America, where I joined an economist, Les Dobyns, to form a new unit in human resources planning. Unexpectedly, only two weeks into the project, Dobyns announced his resignation to take another position. It was unthinkable to have a woman head up the new unit herself, so the bank kept me occupied for a few weeks in the job evaluation section. I reported to an unimaginative boss who plopped me in a cubicle to study manuals. I learned enough about their job evaluation method to recognize its tedium, but soon I was rescued to a supervisory role with a group administering customer opinion surveys.

The unit's task was mechanical and boring. The Bank of America seemingly had a branch on every street corner in California, and each week a standardized survey

form was mailed to the customers of a different branch. My group compiled by hand the quantifiable responses, prepared graphs and tables, typed write-in responses, and forwarded the results to the appropriate executives. B of A customers grumbled perpetually in those days, so my staff did copious typing. We never met the faceless executives, and we never knew what happened to the results.

Although the task was uninspiring, supervision was a fresh challenge. In my unit were seven young women of highly diverse aptitudes, ranging from borderline retarded to manifest college potential. Morale was pitifully low when I arrived; one of the brighter girls was openly cynical and sarcastic, and the very limited one literally shook from feelings of inadequacy.

With my group's help, I devised several special assignments to better organize the work and enhance interpretation of survey results. We faced a weekly quota each week, so we tackled the special assignments only after completing the designated opinion survey. This originally consumed an hour or two each Friday afternoon.

I distributed the special assignments with careful consideration of the diverse talents in the group and coached them toward success. I felt immensely rewarded as smiles and pleasantries replaced sarcasm and trembling. However, I was dumbfounded when my team finished the survey work earlier and earlier each week. Before long they were polishing it off on Wednesday. Here was industrial-organizational psychology in the flesh -- job enrichment, work motivation and satisfaction, my own little Hawthorne study (except I didn't know what it was at that point). My supervisor was elated; my only fear was running out of special assignments.

Meanwhile Les Dobyns reappeared. He had taken a job as Vice President of Personnel and Planning for a fledgling savings and loan holding company called Provident Financial Corporation. Although our work together at the bank had been brief, it built mutual respect, and he again wanted me to be his assistant. I first approached my supervisor to discuss my future at B of A. As I suspected, there was no hierarchical career path for a woman, regardless of her accomplishments; he just wanted me to keep churning out those customer surveys. I had worked at the bank only five months, but I decided to risk a job-hopper image to seek greater challenge in a smaller organization.

I was not disappointed. Market research was part of my job, and I learned to prepare applications for government approval of new S&L branches. I established a personnel selection system for the holding company and installed several tests familiar from my years at INA. One of these was the personality test-job matching procedure for which I had received the delayed training with the publisher, J. P. Cleaver. This decision eventually helped pay my way through graduate school.

The job with Provident Financial was engrossing but the climate hostile. This was no fault of Les Dobyns, a lively, lissome, former ballroom dancing teacher who dazzled

the staff with Fred Astaire glides at office parties. He was outgoing and expansive, expressing his thoughts while characteristically rubbing his bald head. But the office climate was dominated by the President, a Wall Street broker and millionaire trying to escalate his fortune without the inconvenience of ethical or interpersonal concerns. When the business took a downturn, he dismissed Dobyns and asked me to handle his job. He did not offer me Les's Vice Presidential title and certainly not his salary -- he claimed he couldn't even give me a raise. I accepted the job because it offered experience I couldn't get elsewhere. Concurrently, I decided to buttress my credentials and prepare for the next move.

I left Provident Financial to enter a Master's level program in industrial psychology at San Francisco State. I informed J. P. Cleaver that he was losing a client, because no one else at the company was trained in his techniques. To my surprise, he offered me a part-time job while I was in graduate school, and I spent many days conducting job analyses at a trucking company in Berkeley.

I was at San Francisco State in 1966-67, just prior to the student demonstrations and extensive television coverage of Hayakawa's tam. Nearby, the Haight-Ashbury district was stuffed with hippies. A student resident of that neighborhood, recommended by my advisor, agreed to provide some computer help with my thesis. This arrangement turned into a string of broken promises until, in desperation, I tracked him down at home to retrieve my keypunched cards. Repeated attempts to rouse him failed; I finally stood in front of his house and screamed at the top of my lungs. He appeared at last, too stoned to understand what was happening, but I managed to communicate that I would go away if he pulled himself together enough to unearth my only set of data. That near disaster is my most indelible memory of the 1960s, although I have tried since to develop smoother methods of conflict resolution.

Despite the idiosyncrasies of psychology in the 1960s, my studies piqued my interest, and my advisor, John Del Torto, urged me to continue for a doctorate. With some trepidation but rising ambition I decided to pursue the ultimate degree; following an interview with Ed Ghiselli, I was accepted at Berkeley. I never attended.

Once again romance took control of my life. My current boy friend, a civil engineer, decided to change his career to sales engineering and accepted a job in Los Angeles. He gave me an ultimatum: Marry him and move to Los Angeles or end our relationship. I chose marriage, although by then I was hooked on the idea of a doctorate. Forsaking Berkeley, I searched for an industrial psychology program in Los Angeles.

Los Angeles: Betrayal of a Kitten

Luckily, I was able to continue working with Cleaver and associates in Southern California. I learned later that before offering me a full-time job, the company investigated my husband's salary to be sure I was offered less. The rationale was to

avoid sowing family dissension. My husband was more furious than I: he thought domestic tranquility would be better supported by maximizing the family income.

The women's revolution was blossoming then, and my consciousness was raised when I read Betty Friedan's The Feminine Mystique. Like so many women of that time, I was outraged. We'd been had. We believed all that stuff about our place, our passive personalities, our essential inferiority. Young women today have difficulty understanding what all the fuss was about, but my generation knew betrayal.

While in Los Angeles, I began doing research for Cleaver's psychologist-partner, Leo McManus; after Cleaver and McManus split, I stayed with McManus conducting part-time projects until 1975. Concerns about test fairness were stirring in the late 1960s, and the EEOC issued its first proclamations. I got several assignments validating tests, which I executed tediously with a calculator or by shipping keypunched cards to a remote university mainframe.

I also conducted my first workshop addressing the then novel topic of women in nontraditional jobs. I quickly discovered that my public speaking skills were atrocious. My first time out, I spoke to my notes in an inaudible monotone, delivering a lion's message with the ferocity of a kitten. Thankfully, McManus was patient and a role model who punctuated his delivery with wry humor. Through illustrations imbedded in his presentations, Leo also helped me to appreciate the strengths and weaknesses of various personality types. The implications of individual differences, in both personality and abilities, urged me forward in industrial psychology.

Test validation was evolving into a complex legal issue, and I realized I needed more formal education. Before I could enter UCLA's doctoral program, my husband again became disenchanted with his career. We headed for our home state, and I naively hoped that the University of Maryland offered a Ph.D. in industrial psychology. Luck was on my side; not only did they have a program, they had an excellent one. And they were willing to accept me as a student.

College Park: Setting the Compass

My doctoral education was a stunning eye opener, the material so absorbing I felt transported into a different world. Personnel selection was my primary interest, and Jack Bartlett became my advisor. Jack was a master of the teasing, challenging insult; he was determined that his students become good scientists and needled them into creditable performance. He was convinced that I should have a career in academia and insisted that I become an instructor in introductory statistics. I resisted this idea vigorously, still rebelling against the traditional woman's role of teaching. Jack was unyielding, reasoning that a little experience in the job would help me see his way. This did not happen, although teaching provided an unexpected benefit by enhancing my skill and confidence in speaking before a group. Yet if Jack were alive today, he'd probably still be needling me to take an academic job.

I was fortunate to study with a highly capable, diverse faculty at Maryland. Besides Jack's emphasis on personnel selection and psychometrics, Ben Schneider introduced me to organizational climate, Irv Goldstein to training, and Peter Dachler to motivation theory and the philosophy of science. I also eyed the work of Ed Locke and Jack Miner in the business school, although, regrettably, there were no reciprocal arrangements between the business and psychology departments at that time. My dissertation, conducted at the First National Bank of Boston, a McManus client, expanded on the personnel selection theme by investigating the relationship between ability and motivation in the determination of job performance.

One seminar at the University of Maryland set the compass toward my future. Billed as "Current Issues in Industrial Psychology," it was an advanced course, taught jointly by Jack Bartlett and Irv Goldstein, that relied on student papers, and presentations. My paper was inspired by a symposium I attended the previous summer at the APA convention in nearby Washington. The session featured a fledgling personnel selection technique called an assessment center. Participants included Doug Bray, creator of the original management assessment center at AT&T, and Bill Byham, a frontiersman in developing and spreading assessment center exercises and programs.

My assessment center paper pleased Jack and Irv, but it was Ben Schneider who urged me to have it published. As "An Assessment of Assessment Centers," it appeared in the Academy of Management Journal in 1974. This attracted the attention of David Campbell at the Center for Creative Leadership, and he invited me to the Center for a conference exploring assessment methodology. There I met Doug Bray and many others involved in this I-O practice. An unexpected vacancy at AT&T a few months later led to a job offer, which I readily accepted. Leaving my then ex-husband behind, I again abandoned my home state for a new life in America's notorious metropolis of sophistication and sin known as the Big Apple.

New York: The Big Apple and the Telephone

New York City was a big jump from Salisbury, Maryland, and AT&T's personnel operation far surpassed any I had previously known. The Bell System was rich in resources, both Financial and human, with over $100 billion in assets and 1 million employees. Management had for many years been supportive of human resources programs. Upon my arrival in August, 1975, I was assigned full-time to the Management Progress Study, their longitudinal research of managers. Don Grant was my first boss, but after test validation increasingly claimed his time and energies, I reported directly to Doug Bray.

Doug was a pioneer psychologist at AT&T; his commanding presence and resonant voice communicated mastery of his environment. Though independent of mind, he also deferred appropriately to higher management. With skillful use of humor and no dearth of charm, he made frankness palatable and got ideas accepted. He had a

practitioner's gift for sizing up a situation, identifying the major issues, and letting others fill in the details. I soon discovered that long-term longitudinal research swarmed with details.

Although the Management Progress Study (MPS) was best known for launching assessment centers for managerial selection, it was originally undertaken not as a prediction study but as an exploration of managers' lives and careers. I arrived at AT&T 19 years after the first assessment, and Doug had in mind a third assessment of the participants in their 20th study year. By this time the study materials were in disarray; half were stuffed in some obscure cabinets in a file room at AT&T and the other half were gathering dust in the basement of the Fels Institute in Yellow Springs, Ohio.

The scattered data obstructed work and also offended my sense of order. Moreover, my anxiety level surged upon discovering that a recent tornado had blown out the upper windows of the Fels Institute. I launched a major reorganization, including importing the Fels holdings to New York, creating a library of raw data notebooks, and developing inventories of the available materials. The year-long process was torturous. Fortunately, Doug viewed this activity as an important managerial strength he called administrative skills rather than mere compulsivity.

Doug and I launched the 20th year MPS assessment in Michigan Bell in 1976. Although I had addressed assessment centers from the scholarly point of view in my 1974 article, this was my first opportunity to develop original exercises and to run a center. We were assessors ourselves during the first 2 years of the 5-year project; after determining that it went well, we hired and trained other psychologists as on-site assessors and served as administrators and as participants in integration sessions.

The 20-year assessment marked a new direction for the study. Middle age was a popular topic in the 1970s, and MPS comprised a midlife sample previously examined with a vast array of assessment, interview, and medical procedures. We discovered some dramatic transformations in the MPS men's motivations, abilities, and personalities with age, although these were mounted upon a stable core of individual characteristics. Presenting our findings became a regular work activity. Fortunately my oral presentation skills had improved, thanks to the influences of Leo McManus and Jack Bartlett.

Our midlife findings engaged not just professional audiences but Bell System executives. At a meeting in early 1977, a group of Personnel Vice Presidents from the Bell telephone operating companies questioned whether younger managers, now a generation behind the MPS participants, had similar characteristics. This question could only be answered by assessing a fresh sample. Doug's boss, running the meeting after only two weeks on the job, was a high potential executive passing through our department on his way to greater glory. Not one to hesitate, he made

history by authorizing the Management Continuity Study, which was to put a second cohort through the MPS paces.

The Management Continuity Study (MCS), launched later in 1977, introduced a new dimension into our research. Longitudinal studies are invaluable for mapping growth and development, but one cannot separate age-related developmental changes from cultural shifts without additional cohorts. The MPS participants were of the baby boom generation, whose adolescence during the turmoil of the 1960s and early 1970s differed radically from the youth of the MPS cohort during the years surrounding World War II. Moreover, the MCS managers were nearly 1/2 female and 1/3 members of minority groups, a byproduct of the women's revolution and civil rights advancements. Researching the diversity between these two groups, I could feel the propulsion of history.

The year 1977 also redirected my personal life. This time romance followed my career decision rather than preceded it, as Doug Bray and I recognized that our harmony extended beyond devotion to I-O research. Unfortunately, AT&T's nepotism rules specified that a personal relationship would preclude our working together. We resigned ourselves to patience and secrecy. We were married 32 days before his retirement in 1983, following a 6 1/2 year undisclosed engagement. Women's careers and personal lives are not easily reconcilable.

Our work with MPS and MCS culminated in the volume Managerial Lives in Transition: Advancing Age and Changing Times, cited by the Academy of Management in 1989 as the best management book published in the previous two years. It was not generally known that business changes at AT&T nearly scuttled the book's publication. High technology and global competition stimulated massive overhauls of American businesses in the 1980s; AT&T was no exception, as satellite transmissions transcended the copper wire technology that justified the company's status as a regulated monopoly. A government lawsuit forced the divestiture by AT&T of its 23 operating telephone companies on January 1, 1984 and plunged the benevolent parent into the cold, suspicious environment of competition. In such a climate, our proposed research volume was subjected to unprecedented scrutiny. Although the data went unquestioned, I rewrote nearly one third of the book to scrupulously avoid providing ammunition for litigious or disgruntled employees.

In 1986, when AT&T's Personnel Department faced its first major reorganization and downsizing, Doug and I feared that the MPS and MCS studies, as basic research, would probably not pass bottom line inspection. He broached the idea with the Senior Vice President of Personnel, Wes Clarke (a SIOP member), of extricating the studies from AT&T and continuing them a few more years with public funding. Wes supported the concept but left AT&T long before it could be executed. None of us visualized that we faced 2 1/2 years of political and legal hassles before the 10,000 pounds of materials exited through AT&T's marble portals. The data are now the property of the Leadership Research Institute, a nonprofit organization formed for this purpose, of which I am the President and Doug the Secretary-Treasurer. Our

work continues in New Jersey, thanks to personal computers and collaborations with various colleagues, although it continues conservatively compared to my days at AT&T with a staff of eight and a hefty annual budget.

SIOP: Carrying the Torch for Independence

My affiliation with Division 14 began soon after my arrival at AT&T. I worked first on the Workshop Committee and then advanced to the Professional Affairs Committee, serving as its chair in 1980-82. During this latter assignment I executed two major projects -- an analysis of the work settings and credentials of APA members who called themselves I-O psychologists (based on APA's database), and an intensive look at licensing and credentialing issues. Rod Lowman and I later expounded in the American Psychologist about the licensing dilemma.

I was the editor of The Industrial-Organizational Psychologist (TIP) in 1982-1984. Enhancement of the newsletter's readability became my major challenge, and I encouraged and edited feature articles, separated features from departments, and provided artwork from mastheads to cartoons. Election to Secretary-Treasurer brought a new goal of streamlining the organization's accounts. I rescued the Division's funds from the bureaucratic tangle of APA, consolidated all other accounts, and entered the records for the first time onto a personal computer. This action, plus the advent of our own conference, seriously escalated the responsibilities of the office, and upon my departure the job was partitioned into Secretary and Financial Officer.

I was the 44th person elected President of Division 14 but only the 3rd woman - testimony to my place in time. As President-Elect I mingled my own experiences of division functioning with many others' and created our first Administrative Manual. We were now the Society for Industrial and Organizational Psychology, an independent and expanding nonprofit corporation, increasingly in need of both standardized procedures and a system for capturing our institutional memory.

By the time I became President (1988-89), it was clear that APA was relinquishing its primary mission as a scientific organization and becoming a professional guild. A campaign to reorganize APA and redistribute power between the two factions failed, and the American Psychological Society (APS) rose from the battleground of the unapproved scientific assembly of APA. During my Presidential term, we gained approval of a SIOP Bylaws change that permitted belonging to APA or APS (not just APA) as a prerequisite to SIOP membership. We reorganized the SIOP calendar to focus the administrative year and significant events around our own conference rather than APA's.

Also during my Presidency, I launched a major survey of our members, aimed toward such goals as a database for our new task of dues collection; our first directory; a media referral list; and deeper understanding of individuals' specialties, activities, and professional practice. My analysis of the survey responses during my

term as Past-President satisfied the last objective and culminated in the report entitled "The Multiple Facets of Industrial-Organizational Psychology."

Reflections: Out of the Spider Web

The history of I-O psychology, psychology in general, and our country constitute a recurring theme in my story. In Managerial Lives I poised the AT&T longitudinal studies within American culture of the 1950s, 1960s, 1970s and early 1980s. As Chair of APA's Committee on Employment and Human Resources in 1986, I produced a research document on "The Changing Face of American Psychology" (published in the American Psychologist) that evaluated where APA and psychology had been and were headed. My SIOP Presidential address was entitled "Our Place in Time: Cultural Trends Shaping I-O Psychology." With historical slides and period music, I traced I-O psychology's development to 19th and 20th century American history.

Despite my interest in such history, I have not escaped the influences of my times. I approached adulthood like a fly caught in the spider web of 1950s American culture. Molded by the movies (pre-television), I expected all my needs to be satisfied in the preordained role of wife and mother. Ironically, in 1990 my own research with Bell managers (for a chapter co-authored with Doug for Shelly Zedeck's Frontiers volume) established that work and family satisfy quite different motives. I feel fortunate that enlightenment came before it was too late for a career. However, my self-concept cannot parallel that of a female counterpart raised in the late 20th century, when I-O psychology departments graduate as many women as men and even Goucher is co-educational.

I have tremendous admiration for the single-minded women who pursued careers as I-O psychologists in times and circumstances even more difficult than mine. I can only blame my own weakness for being swayed by cultural messages not in my best interest. I could have accomplished more with my career if I had taken charge of it from the start. At the same time, I miss the children I never had.

On the positive side, my hesitant, side-stepping career provided opportunities for understanding I could not have obtained in a classroom. I have lived in the world of clerks as well as that of management. I am versed in the workings of personnel departments small and large. I have directly experienced the deviations in job performance among employees of high and low ability, involvement and apathy, suspicion and trust. I know what it means to be at the mercy of a boss. I've endured many varieties of supervisors -- strong and weak, supportive and destructive, forthright and sneaky, virtuous and unprincipled. Folklore to the contrary, I've had several mentors, and they've all been men.

My first mentor, Roy Kern, was a history buff. While I was with him at INA he completed a book on the philosophical outlook of his idol, historian Will Durant.

"Perspective is everything," he used to say. I could not appreciate that in my 20s; today I understand.